

*The Historie.*

*Prince.* I, and marke thee to iacke.

*Falst.* Do so, for it is worth the listning to, these nine in Buckrom that I told thee of.

*Prince.* So, two more alreadie.

*Falst.* Their points being broken.

*Poy* Downe fell their hose.

*Falst.* Began to giue me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot, and hand, and with a thought, seuen of the eleuen I paid.

*Prin.* O monstrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two.

*Fal.* But as the diuell would haue it, three misbegotten knaues in Kendall greene came at my backe, and let driue at mee, for it was so darke Hal, that thou couldest not see thy hand.

*Prin.* These lies are like their father that begets them, grosse as a mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts, thou knotty-pated foole, thou horseon obscene greasie tallow-catch,

*Falst.* What art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Pr.* Why, how couldest thou know these men in Kendal greene when it was so darke thou couldest not see thy hand, come tell vs your reason. What sayest thou to this?

*Po.* Come your reason, iacke, your reason.

*Falst.* What, vppon compulsion: Zoundes, and I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the worlde, I would not tell you on compulsion. Giue you a reason on compulsion? if reasons were as plentifull as blackberries, I would giue no man a reason vppon compulsion, I.

*Prin.* Ile be no longer guiltie of this sinne. This sanguine coward, this bed-preffer, this hofse-backe-breaker, this huge hill of flesh.

*Fa.* Zbloud you starueling, you elskin, you dried neatstong, you bulspizzle, you stockfish: O for breath to vtter what is like thee, you tailersyard, you sheath, you bowcase, you vile standing tuck.

*Prin.* Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, and when thou hast tired thy selfe in base comparisons heare mee speake but this.

*Po.* Marke iacke.

*Prin.* We two saw you foure set on foure, and bound them and were maisters of their wealth: marke now how a plaine tale shall put you downe, then did wee two set on you foure, and with a worde,

*of Henry the f*

worde, outfac't you from your prize: it you here in the house: and Falst. way as nimbly, with as quicke dexte: stil run and roard, as euer I heard bu: to hacke thy sworde as thou hast d: fight. What tricke? what deuice? now find out, to hide thee from this

*Po.* Come, lets heare iacke, what

*Falst.* By the Lord, I knew ye as heare you my maisters, was it for m: should I turne vpon the true prince: valiant as Hercules: but beware in: the true prince, instinct is a great m: on instinct, I shall thinke the better my life; I for a valiant lion, and th: the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the doores, watch to night, pray boyes, hearts of golde, all the titl: to you. What shall wee bee merr: tempore?

*Prin.* Content, and the argument

*Falst.* A, no more of that Hal and

*Ho.* O Iesu, my Lord the prince

*Prin.* How now my lady the hol

*Ho.* Marry my Lo. there is a no: would speake with you: he saies he

*Prin.* Giue him as much as will n: send him backe againe to my moth

*Fal.* What maner of man is he

*Hofst.* An olde man.

*Falst.* What doth grauitie out of: giue him his answere?

*Prin.* Preethe do iacke. *Fa.* Fa

*Prin.* Now sirs, birlady you fou: did you Bardol, you are lions, to yo: will not touch the true prince, no fi

*Bar.* Faith I ran when I saw othe